hot as molten lead, and as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword
Many a noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuengd, I prethee lend me thy ſword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turk Gregory neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day I haue paid Percy, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee,
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God Hall, if Percy be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, there's that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of ſacke.

Prin. What? is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. Well, If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way: ſo, if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honor as ſir Walter hath: giue me life, which, if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent

King. I will do ſo, my L. of Weſtmerland leade him to his

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your tent,

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue,

The

The Prince of Wales from ſuch
Where ſtaunch Nobility lies tr
And rebels armes triumph in m

Iohn. We breath too long, com
Our duty this way lies, For G

Prin. By God, thou haſt dece
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſ
Before I loude thee as a broth
But now I do reſpect thee as m

King. I ſaw him hold Lord
With luſtier maintenance then
Of ſuch an vngrowne warrio

Prin. O, this boy lends mett

Doug. Another king, they g
Iam the Douglas fatall to all t
That weare thoſe colours on
That counterfeitſt the perſon

King. The king himſelf, who
So many of his ſhadowes thou
And not the very king: I haue
Seeke Percy and thy ſelfe abo
But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo
I will aſſay thee, and defend th

Doug. I feare thou art anoth
And yet in faith thou beareſt
But mine I am ſure thou art, w
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in da

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Bl
It is the Prince of VVales, tha
VVho neuer promiſeth, but

They fight, Dow

Cheerely my Lord, how fares
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath fo
And ſo hath Clifton, ile to Cl

King. Stay, and breath a whi